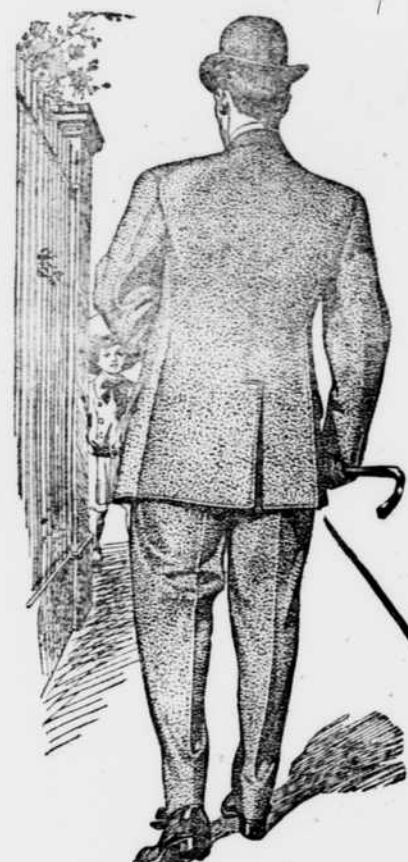


## Department Store

Big Stock of General Merchandise  
Groceries, Hardware, Etc.



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

AGENT FOR

Eastman Kodak Co.

Victor Gramophone Co.

Coal Oil Engines, Keystone Grease

Vienna Flour, Watch Repairs

Curios, Post Cards,

Jewelry

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

The Style and Quality of these Goods are well  
Known, and our prices are right

**F. MATHESON**  
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

### CHURCH DIRECTORY

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.  
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M., Sunday.  
Christian Endeavor, 3:30 P. M., Sunday.  
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.  
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.  
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.  
Library Association meeting in library rooms the  
first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.  
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

**ST. PHILIP'S-EPISCOPAL**  
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at  
10:30 A. M.  
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for  
Natives, 10:30 A. M.  
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.  
Bible School, 2:30 P. M.  
Vespers-Native service, 5:30 P. M.  
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday  
at 4:30 P. M.  
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.  
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.  
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.  
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.  
Native Choir, Saturday evening.  
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.  
HARRY P. COOPER, Rector.

**SALVATION ARMY**  
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.  
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.  
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.  
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M.  
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.  
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.  
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.  
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

### WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From  
Here and There

Council meeting tonight.  
Harry Jim has been building a new  
residence on Cow Alley.  
The mammoth Catholic Bazaar will be  
held at Wrangell, July 1st and 2nd.  
Wm. Lloyd's power boat is the latest  
addition to the Wrangell fleet of motor  
boats.  
Mrs. Al Osborne took her little son to  
Juneau on the Seattle for surgical treat-  
ment.  
Geo. Whitman was over from Klavak  
in his power boat for several days dur-  
ing the week.  
Miss Hazel Hollenback has recently  
recovered from a severe attack of inflam-  
matory rheumatism.  
The Mitchell Brothers' mining crew  
and outfit left in a canoe, Thursday, for  
their Cassiar properties.  
Mr. L. P. Hunt, manager of the Sha-  
kan cannery, was over to this place the  
first part of the week on business.

Don't forget to attend the cemetery  
improvement meeting at the court house  
Saturday night.

Fred Hooker, who last week lost a  
thumb and two fingers at the mill, is  
getting along nicely.

It looks like business to see the fisher-  
men drifting with their nets down the  
current of the river.

Arthur Frazer, who has been filing  
saws at the mill, left on the Seattle for  
his home in Michigan.

Sam Cunningham has sold the 2-cycle  
engine out of the Coralie May, and will  
install a larger 4-cycle machine.

The Taku Jack laid at the wharf sev-  
eral days this week, waiting for some  
machinery to arrive from the Sound.

A vocal solo by Sam Guyot at Saint  
Philip's church, Sunday evening, was  
greatly appreciated by the congregation.

That walk which crosses the govern-  
ment reservation has not been repaired,  
and its condition is now growing rapidly  
worse.

Mayor and Mrs. McCormack made the  
round trip to Skagway and return on  
the Humboldt, reporting a very pleasant  
voyage.

Johnny Grant has had a spacious cen-  
ter cellar built under the bar-room of  
the hotel, for the purpose of storing beer  
to keep it cool.

Charley Starr, a native, died of con-  
sumption, Sunday, while out in a log  
camp, and his remains were brought to  
town for burial.

The Catherine M. left out Sunday  
morning for Point Ellis, to take up the  
season's work. Manager and Mrs. Mc-  
Hugh were aboard.

The Comet looks like a new boat in  
her fresh coat of paint. The cabin also  
changes her appearance. She will be  
used in carrying fish.

The price of salmon has been looking  
up a trifle, owing to the short run in the  
Columbia, and as a consequence, Alaska  
fishermen are rejoicing.

After spending the winter in a Seattle  
business college, Brigham Grant came  
home on the Seattle to spend a month  
or two during his vacation.

The measles have not left town en-  
tirely, a new case looming up now and  
then. There have as yet been no fatal-  
ities resulting from the epidemic.

Capt. Johnny Choquette and crew ar-  
rived down from the Iskut, Monday,  
and left again yesterday with another  
cargo of supplies for the surveyors.

The Wrangell wireless station will be  
located on L. C. Patenaude's property  
near the public school.

The Thlinget Trading Co. is comfort-  
ably settled in its new quarters—the  
store building vacated by W. C. Waters.

K. J. Johansen bent the propeller of  
his launch while crossing Dry Straits  
last week, by striking it against a sunken  
snag. The craft is running in good shape  
again, however.

The Emilie M. returned to town last  
Sunday morning from her trip to west  
coast points, and left out shortly after-  
ward to examine the marble deposits up  
the back channel.

The descriptive matter for the Wrang-  
ell prospectus is finished and the work  
will go to press some time within a few  
days. It will require several days to  
complete the job.

C. M. Coulter and son Harry returned  
on the Seattle from their trip to the  
Sound metropolis. They saw the big  
battleship fleet and reported it a most  
imposing sight.

This office has this week turned out a  
lot of fine commercial printing for vari-  
ous business firms. We have also just  
received a lot of fine new stock, and  
await your orders.

Fred Brockman's big new launch has  
been completed, and the engine has  
been installed, at the Wrangell Boat and  
Machine shop. It is intended to launch  
the new craft Saturday.

After an enormous amount of work  
the local Red Men's Lodge have a plot  
for their cemetery cleared of brush and  
trees, so that all remaining to be done is  
to level it off and lay out the lots.

William Lewis left on the Humboldt  
for a business trip to Seattle, but as he  
had not fully recovered from his mishap  
of two weeks ago, he was compelled to  
navigate with crutches.

They had a gasoline boat race out at  
Shakan on Decoration Day between the  
Alaska Chief and the Kelly. Our in-  
formant says the Kelly was an easy  
winner, going over the twelve-mile  
course in forty-nine minutes.

## ALASKAN GAME LAW

Following is that portion of the new  
Alaskan game law which is of interest  
to our readers:

"From and after the passage of this  
act the wanton destruction of wild game  
animals or wild birds, except eagles, ra-  
vens and cormorants, the destruction of  
nests of such birds, except eagles, for  
the purpose of selling the same, or the  
skins or any part thereof, except as  
hereinafter provided, is hereby prohib-  
ited.

The term 'game animals' shall include  
deer, moose, caribou, mountain sheep,  
mountain goats, brown bear, sea lions  
and walrus. The term 'game birds'  
shall include water fowl, commonly  
known as ducks, geese, brant and swan;  
shore birds, commonly known as plover,  
snipe and curlew, and the several species  
of grouse and ptarmigan.

Nothing in this act shall affect any  
law now in force in Alaska relating to  
fur seal, sea otter, or any fur-bearing  
animal, or prevent the killing of any  
game animal or bird for food or clothing  
at any time by natives, or by miners or  
explorers, when in need of food, but the  
game animals or birds so killed during  
closed season shall not be shipped or  
sold.

That it shall be unlawful for any per-  
son in Alaska to kill any wild game ani-  
mals or birds, except during the season  
hereinafter provided, North of latitude  
sixty two degrees, brown bear may be  
killed at any time; moose, caribou,  
sheep, walrus and sea lions, from August  
1st to December 10th, both inclusive;  
south of latitude sixty-two degrees,  
moose, caribou and mountain sheep  
from August 20th to December 31st, both  
inclusive; deer, and mountain goats  
from April 1st to February 1st, both in-  
clusive; grouse, ptarmigan, shore birds  
and waterfowl from September 1st to  
March 1st, both inclusive.

That it shall be unlawful for any per-  
son or persons at any time to sell or  
offer for sale any hides, skins or heads  
of any game animals, or game birds in  
Alaska, or to sell or offer for sale or  
purchase or offer to purchase, any game  
animals or game birds, or any part  
thereof, during the time when the kill-  
ing of such animals or birds are prohib-  
ited. Provided that it shall be lawful  
for dealers having in possession game  
animals or game birds legally killed  
during the open season to dispose of the  
same within fifteen days after the close  
of said season.

That any person violating any of the  
provisions of this act shall be deemed  
guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon con-  
viction thereof shall forfeit to the United  
States all game or birds in his possession  
and all guns, traps, nets or boats used  
in killing or capturing said game ani-  
mals or birds, and shall be punished for  
each offense by a fine of not more than  
\$200, or imprisonment not more than  
three months, or by both such fine and  
imprisonment, in the discretion of the  
court."

### CARD OF APPRECIATION

We desire to take this method of ex-  
tending our sincere thanks to all who  
lent their aid in making the Memorial  
exercises at Wrangell the success they  
were; and especially would we thank  
the ladies and children for their willing  
efforts in the decorations, and to Mr.  
Cland Hanthorn and Capt. Lee for the  
excellent means of transportation fur-  
nished by them for conveying the people  
to and from the cemetery.

COMMITTEE.

It was suggested to this writer that a  
meeting of citizens be called at which to  
get volunteers to clean up the Wrangell  
cemetery. All who have any pride in  
this cemetery, or have relatives or  
friends buried there, are requested to  
meet at the court house Saturday even-  
ing, June 6, at 8 o'clock. All children  
are also requested to come to the meet-  
ing. About thirty people could do all  
the work required in one afternoon.

There will be great attractions at the  
mammoth Catholic Bazaar, July 1 and 2.  
Sergt. Thos. Williams, who was for-  
merly in the cable office here, has been  
ordered to Omaha, Neb., and passed  
through on the Seattle from Haines, en-  
route to his new post.

Fred Amundson returned from Port-  
land on the Seattle.

## CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

### FISHERMEN'S GOODS

Including Oiled Coats, Oiled Hats, Oiled Aprons, Oiled Sleeves, all the Best  
Brands of Rubber Boots, such as the new Alaska Red Sole, Gold Seal, Ribano  
Warmest and Best Blankets

Strongest and Dryest Tents

Knackerbrod and Dry Toast

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

## St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints  
Oils, Crockery, Etc.

Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared  
to do Any Kind of Work in that line

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR

Union Gas Engines

Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees

Hercules Powder

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS

Don't fail to visit Wrangell the first  
week in July and attend the mammoth  
Catholic Bazaar.

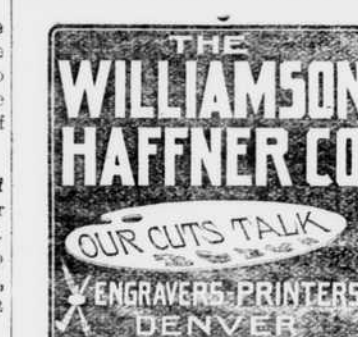
Several new signal corps men have  
lately passed through, enroute for the  
interior stations, where they are sent to  
relieve the men who have been on the  
more isolated stations for a period of  
two or more years.

Manager Hanthorn took a party of  
Wrangell people out for Lacoste Glacier  
in the Taku Jack, Monday afternoon.  
The day was an ideal one, and the trip  
was highly enjoyed. The tide, however,  
was not high enough to permit the boat  
to cross Dry Straits.

Decoration Day passed off in a fitting  
manner at Wrangell. The day opened  
with threatening clouds, but the rain  
held off and allowed every one who  
wished to go to the cemetery to return  
with dry feet and clothing. The stores  
were all closed during the exercises and  
flags were displayed at half staff in all  
parts of town. The exercises on the  
wharf came off at about the time sched-  
uled, and were very ably conducted.  
Manager Claud Hanthorn of the Santa  
Ana cannery volunteered the use of the  
Taku Jack and the big cannery lighter  
for transporting people to the cemetery,  
and there was room for all without any  
crowding or inconvenience. The even-  
ing exercises at Red Men's Hall were  
carried out as planned, and the day was  
closed.

Wrangell has as yet made no arrange-  
ments for the celebration of the Fourth  
of July, and as it is a trifle late to begin  
arranging for an elaborate celebration,  
SENTINEL rises to suggest that the Wrang-  
ell people go over to Jack Collins' farm  
at the mouth of Mill Creek and spend  
the day in the cool shade of the trees,  
rowing on the lake and fishing in the  
streams. An appropriate program for  
the day could also be carried out. We  
believe that a number of launches  
could be secured by simply furnishing  
the gasoline, and this could be got by a  
contribution of 25 cents from each man  
or boy over 12 years of age. A basket  
picnic is a new departure for Alaska, but  
it would be an ideal way to spend the  
Fourth. What say you?

Send this paper "back home," and  
save writing letters. \$2 in advance.



### Olympic Restaurant

F. CHON, Prop.

Coffee and Doughnuts, 15c.

Coffee and Pie, 15c.

Best Bread and Pastry

Always on Hand

Drop in and see for yourself

### Wrangell Marble .... Works ....

Keep in stock a fine line of mon-  
uments and slabs manufactured  
from the best product of the

### Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for ship-  
ping to all points in Alaska.

Lowery & Woodbridge

WRANGELL, ALASKA



There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United  
States than of any other make of patterns. This is ac-  
count of their style, accuracy and simplicity.  
McCall's Magazine, The Queen of Fashion, has  
more subscribers than any other fashion magazine.  
Year's subscription (in advance) 50 cents. Single  
number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a 50-cent  
Evening. Subscribers today.  
Ladies Agents Wanted. Handmade patterns of  
latest fashion, made by McCall's, are sold by  
agents and free from cost (showing on garments  
sent free). Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

### This Space is Reserved for Shurick Drug Co.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D., Prop.

Open on or About June 1

Now is the Time  
To make your old clothes new  
Try your luck with  
**Diamond Dyes**

**BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS**  
ALSO YOUR FAMILY RECIPES  
**WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY**

**Escape Measles**  
by disinfecting your house with  
**FORMALIN or CREOLIN**  
We have both, with directions for using



# Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

How about it, anyhow? If marriage is a failure is divorce a success?

An attitude of silence is always quite becoming to a man who has nothing to say.

The simplified spelling board has found an absolute cure for phthisic. They spell it "tisle."

This country annexed a lot of unfounded rumors when she gathered in the Hawaiian Islands.

Before we start any more legal holidays in this country we should learn to keep safe and sane those we now have.

Chicago man meets a girl at luncheon and marries her immediately afterward. Some people let this quick-lunch habit go too far.

Why should the fleet visit Australia? Why, think of all the kangaroos and other strange creatures the sailors can secure for mascots.

Death remains the great leveler. Philadelphia's "ideal bachelor" has been revealed by the filing of his will as a mere married man.

A lot of New York men who formerly were rich think of throwing their million-dollar yachts on the market. Save your pennies and buy a yacht.

Mr. Harriman has given \$30,000 to assist in the great work of killing rats in San Francisco. What have the San Francisco rats ever done to Mr. Harriman?

Some people sometimes think children are in the way, but when a child like that at Cleveland happens the public's big heart cries out in sympathy.

A Utah woman laced her corset so tight that she crushed her heart and died of cardiac paralysis. As a matter of general safety, corset strings should be made a little weaker.

Henry James complains that the newspapers do not print good English. We understand that the king of the Hottentots is disturbed by the belief that Caucasians are not as white as they claim to be.

King Manuel of Portugal either is an unusually wise youth or has wise counselors, perhaps both. He said the other day to a prominent opponent of the monarchy, who had called at the palace to show respect for the memory of the dead king, "You are a friend of the country and so am I. Let us meet with that common bond, and we shall soon understand each other better." This is the sort of conciliatory spirits that disarm opposition.

Modern scientific educational methods may have improved means of teaching spelling, but it is to be doubted if anything surpasses the old-fashioned "bee" in fixing in the mind of youth the intricacies of the English language. If the solid business men of any large city were questioned as to the method by which they learned to spell it might surprise the investigator to hear how many would answer: "The 'spelling-bee' of the country school."

There is little whipping in the English schools to-day and it is almost confined to historic institutions, such as Eton, Harrow and Rugby, where the rich and aristocratic send their sons and where a peculiar pride is taken in maintaining the ancient customs. It may be true that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. It may be a fact that American boys and girls are allowed too much indulgence and that they would have better manners and perhaps better morals were the old system re-established. The great majority of parents and teachers refuse to be thus persuaded. They persist in regarding corporal punishment as a relic of barbarism and in believing that youth can be effectively trained and disciplined in other and better ways.

We have no real national anthem. "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is not a bad composition sung to the tune of "God Save the King." It has the advantage that most people can sing it, though not many are really familiar with the words. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," is an ancient composition set to an ancient tune, and is little sung in these days. We have no hymn which really expresses national sentiment and national virtue. The centennial ode of Whittier is a beautiful composition sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," but it was intended for a particular occasion and has never been popular. If Mr. Carnegie will offer sufficient prizes to poets and musicians we might get something which would best the dignity of the nation. After all is said and done, the only really American tune is "Yankee Doodle," which is sprightly enough as an air, though the words are ridiculous. Yet it is to this tune that our troops have marched to their greatest victories. Let us have a real American anthem.

For some years an English committee has been at work on Shakespeare memorial plans, the underlying idea being an international tribute of a last and

signal nature to synchronize with the three hundredth anniversary of the poet-dramatist's death. At first there was considerable opposition to the whole conception. Would not, it was asked, any kind of a memorial be a ludicrous anti-climax? Has not the world honored Shakespeare for generations? Can it pay him greater homage and tribute than it does by constantly reading and seeing his works, by acknowledging his literary immortality and placing him above Dante, above Moliere, above even the Greek dramatists? But these objections were disposed of, and then a new controversy arose as to the shape and form of the proposed memorial. Would a statue be appropriate? Should a great library, museum, institute be erected to promote the study of Shakespeare and of art and letters in general? Or should a national theater be built and dedicated to the performance of classical plays, Shakespeare, of course, furnishing the bulk of the repertory? This discussion has continued in spite of a decision tentatively made some time ago by the executive committee of the movement. But the action which the general committee has just taken will mark an important advance in the project. It appears that this committee, endorsing the recommendations of the executive body, proposes to raise a million dollars and appropriate half of that sum for an architectural memorial and the other half to the founding of a Shakespearean institute. There is to be an international competition, limited to English-speaking races, for the memorial designs, and each design must be the work of an architect and sculptor collaborating. All civilized nations are expected to join enthusiastically in the proposed tribute to the greatest Anglo-Saxon poet, and an international committee of statesmen, diplomats, authors and artists will be created to co-operate with the English body having direct charge of the enterprise.

## OLIVER CROMWELL'S WAY.

"Unlettered Farmer" Turned an English Parliament Out of Doors. Oliver Cromwell, who was absolute ruler of England from 1648 to 1658, although a man of great force of will, was crude and uncouth, says the Panx sutawney (Pa.) Spirit. His religious fervor amounted almost to fanaticism. He was of vigorous mold and strong convictions. He appeared to be equally great as a military captain and statesman. He arose to every occasion. His vigorous foreign policy made England as much feared abroad as the lord protector was at home. That this unlettered farmer could wrest from the hands of Charles I. the scepter of a hundred kings, "cut off his head with his crown on it," as he expressed it, and make himself absolute, is one of the marvels of history.

In the long parliament Cromwell represented the County of Cambridge. Sir Philip Warwick, a royalist contemporary, gives the following description of him: "I came into the house one morning well clad and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily appeared, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain and not very clean and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable and his eloquence full of fervor, for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing and such like innocent sports. And he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council table upon that belief that one would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it."

After Cromwell's military successes had fired him with the ambition of "taking it upon him to be a king," his first step was to dissolve the long parliament, which was not disposed to take orders implicitly. He repaired to the parliament house with a strong military force and after making the following speech, turned the members out of doors:

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess? You have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your god. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that has the care for the good of the commonwealth? You, who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings. And by God's help and the strength He has given me I am come to do it. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go, get you out; make haste! ye venal slaves, begone!"

One kind of an enemy is a friend who does not oppose you when you are wrong.

## GOD'S MIRACLE OF MAY.

There came a message to the vine,  
A whisper to the tree,  
The bluebird saw the secret sign  
And merrily sang he:  
And like a silver string the brook  
Trembled with music sweet—  
Enchanting notes in every nook  
For echo to repeat.

A magic touch transformed the fields,  
Greener each hour they grew,  
Until they shone like burnished shields  
All jeweled o'er with dew,  
Scattered upon the forest floor  
A million bits of bloom  
Breathed fragrance forth thro' morning's  
door  
Into the day's bright room.

Then bud by bud the vine confessed  
The secret it had heard,  
And in the leaves the azure-breast  
Sang the delightful word:  
Glad flowers upspring amid the grass  
And fanning their banners gay,  
And suddenly it came to pass—  
God's miracle of May!  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

## The Return Home

"Hello, Phil, digging away at the old farm yet?"  
The speaker, leaning languidly against the top rail of the fence, held a cigarette in the most approved style between his two forefingers, and occasionally puffed slowly at it.

Phil Dryden looked up from his planting and responded: "Why, Ed, is that you? When did you come down?"  
"Ran down last night on the early train. Taking a few days' vacation and 'bout I'd like to see the old place."

Phil glanced rather enviously at the well dressed smoker, and then dropped his eyes a little shamefacedly to his own coarse, ill-fitting and faded clothes.  
"Why do you stay down here, Phil, and use yourself up on this old farm?" Ed Spencer continued. "I should think you'd go to the city and get a better job. If you hate farming as I always did, you would."

Phil's face flushed a trifle. The contrast between his appearance and that of his old school friend made him uneasy.  
"I have thought of it several times," he replied slowly, "but there's so much to do here, and then—"

"Oh, shucks! You hate to make the plunge. So did I. But after the first break it's all so much better. Clean sailing then. I just picked up my things and made the start. And now—well, I'm going to get a raise next month, and then I'll take it easier than now."

"I suppose the work is pleasanter," Phil stammered, "and the pay is better."

"Better?" answered Ed, a little contemptuously. "Why, you get cash there for your work, but on the farm you don't. I'll bet you haven't seen as much money as this in a year."

Producing a roll of bills, the speaker flipped them carelessly through his fingers, exposing to view several of high denominations.

"That's what you get in the city," he continued. "It's cash—every week or month."

Phil said nothing, but his mind was feverishly active. Suddenly he asked anxiously: "I suppose it's hard to get a good position at first, isn't it?"

"Yes, and no. If you have influence it's dead easy; if you don't you have to hunt around a bit."

Ed Spencer flung away his cigarette, and added confidentially:

"If you're thinking of making the change, let me know. I may help you. I know the ropes a little. Just send me word when you've made up your mind."

Phil kicked a lump of earth with the toe of his shoe. Ed seemed to comprehend the state of his mind, and asked, smilingly: "How are crops, anyway—slow as ever?"

A flash of resentment appeared in Phil's eyes, for he knew the question was asked in well-bred derision.

"Oh, they're pretty good," Phil replied with some dignity. "I'll harvest a good crop this season if—"

"If potato bugs don't eat up everything, and cabbage worms don't finish what's left," laughed Ed, as he turned to leave. "Well, I must be going. I want to see the old place, and get back to the city soon's I can. It's pretty slow here."

He consulted a handsome gold watch which hung at the end of a gold chain. "Remember me to Bess," he called over his shoulder. "I suppose she's well."

When the two separated, Phil Dryden picked up his hoe and stood for several minutes staring at the retreating form. Contending emotions possessed him. The old rebellious spirit rose up to make his thought bitter and disquieting.

Life on the farm was a drudgery, he thought, and a dozen times he secretly longed to leave it behind to begin work in the city. The opportunity had never been presented quite so forcibly as to-day, and he felt that the decisive moment had come.

"I'll do it," he firmly muttered after the space of five minutes of silent thought. "I'll do it now. Uncle Ned can get along without me. He can hire someone else in my place. I've delayed too long already."

Thereafter the planting progressed slowly. Phil's mind was not on his work and several times he had to go over his hoeing to repair damages carelessly done.

As he trudged up to the old farm house, his face was brightened by the thoughts of his newly formed plans.

"Hello, Bess!" he called, as a slim girl of 16 met him.

"You're back early, Phil," Bess replied. "You can't expect supper yet a while. Why, the sun is an hour high."

"Oh, I'm not after supper," the boy responded. "I've made up my mind to quit for good. Bess, I'm going to the city."

His sister stared at him in amazement for a moment. Phil continued in explanation of his sudden announcement: "I'm going to get a position in the city, and leave the farm for good. I've just had a talk with Ed Spencer, and he says he can get me a position when I want it."

"Ed Spencer? Is he home again?" asked Bess.

"Only for a few days. He can't stand it here much longer than a few days at a time, it's so slow. I don't blame him, either, for it is slow—terribly slow and dull."

The boy removed his hat and wiped his forehead.

"But, Phil, if you go to the city, what will become of me?" queried his sister in a weak voice.

"You? Why, can't you stay here with Aunt Matty and Uncle Ned?" There was genuine surprise in the boy's voice, and this was increased when he saw that Bess had turned a shade paler than usual.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I could stay," was the quiet answer, "but did it ever occur to you that I might be lonely—and—"

There was a suspicious weakness in the voice, and when it grew husky, the girl stopped and turned her face away.

"Why, Bess, I don't see why, in time I'd take you to the city, too. I'd get a good position, and work in it, and then we'd live there together."

"Yes, but how many years would I have to wait?" resentfully replied the girl. "Do you think Ed Spencer could support his sister? And if he could, why doesn't he? I'm sure she has a hard enough time to pinch along."

"But—" began Phil in self-extenuation—"I'm not like Ed in some respects, and—"

"No, and I'm thankful you're not," interrupted Bess.

A glow of pride made Phil quiet and more thoughtful. He remembered now

that Ed's sister worked hard at dress-making, besides her duties on the farm, to make both ends meet. In a dim way he seemed to remember several of Ed's selfish ways when they were school companions, and he admitted that he did not treat his sister liberally. The flash of the roll of bills appeared before his mind, and he wondered if Ed would present his hard-working sister with some of the money. Probably they were all for her—a birthday present, perhaps, for Mandy was 16 that month.

"Oh, Ed has his bad points," he replied, "and so has every fellow. But he's doing well in the city, and I don't see why I shouldn't do as well. I was always smarter in my studies than Ed."

"Yes, and in everything else," loyally responded Bess.

"Then why shouldn't I go to the city and make something of myself? I can never do it here."

"Phil, I don't think you would do much better," protested Bess. "In a few years now you—we'll have the farm to ourselves. Uncle Ned and Aunt Matty must turn it over to us then—they only hold it in trust until you become of age, you know—and they'll be glad to get rid of the responsibility. Then we can—"

Phil kicked viciously at a stone. This sort of argument did not please him.

"But, Bess, there's no money in farming," he interrupted. "Uncle Ned says that, and everybody else. What's the use of killing yourself on the farm for nothing?"

"But what would you do with it?" gasped Bess in surprise.

"Oh, sell it, or—let Uncle Ned run it until I become of age. Then—a new light shone in his eyes—"then the money will start me in business. I'll have the experience, and—and—"

"Oh, Phil," exclaimed Bess in a pained voice, "how could you sell it?"

"Why not?" stubbornly asked Phil.

Bess did not reply. If he could not understand the sacredness of the associations that clustered about the old homestead, she could not make him.

She turned abruptly and walked away, but not until Phil saw a tear glistening in her eyes.

"Girls are so funny—and—and—un-reasoning," the discontented boy remarked aloud.

Phil was strongly minded and determined in his way. Once his mind was made up, it was difficult for him to change his point of view. For three years now he had been steadily drifting toward this important decision. He longed for the city, and wished to make his mark in a wider field than farming.

"Bess will be terribly disappointed at

first," he reasoned, "and she'll be lonely the first month. But she'll soon see the wisdom of my way. When I can take her to the city she will have a happier time of it than here."

Nothing further was said of his change of plans for a few days, but Phil could not fail to notice the change in Bess' appearance. Her face was pale and demure, and the eyes looked as if she had spent sleepless nights worrying over the matter.

"I wish she wouldn't take it so to heart," Phil reflected more than once. Then a little irritably, "Girls expect so much of brothers. They want to tie them down to their apron strings."

This sort of argument did not tend to convince Phil of his mistaken line of thought.

A week later he had fully made up his mind to carry out his long-cherished plans. One afternoon he walked over to the old Spencer home to get Ed's city address. He would write to his old companion and find what he could do for him.

The Spencer home was a tumble-down, neglected farm of some half dozen acres. The only one of the family, in Phil's estimation in the past, was Mandy; but the odds were against her in the uphill struggle, and to-day Phil's heart beat sympathetically for her.

She was pale and thin, and a worried expression marked her face. At the sight of Phil she flushed, and tried to straighten out these stray locks of hair on her head and to arrange her faded dress.

"I've been so busy," she apologized, "that I've had hard time to fix up decently."

Phil laughed and tried to make her feel at ease.

"I've come over to get Ed's address in the city," he said pleasantly, after a few moments of conversation. "I want to write to him."

"I'm not sure I have it," Mandy replied, blushing deeper than before. "Ed has changed it several times lately. He doesn't seem to stay in one place long."

"I've always heard that they move often in the city," Phil answered. "I suppose he's rising so rapidly that he has to change every little while to better quarters."

Mandy tried to laugh at this suggestion, but it was a poor attempt. "Ed is very restless," she ventured finally. "He lost his old position, you know, and I don't know whether he will like his new one."

"No; I didn't know he had lost the old one," returned Phil slowly.

"Yes, there was something that—that—well, Ed is very restless. I wish he was nearer home, so I could look after him a little."

"I think all sisters want their brothers under their wings," replied Phil, with a laugh. "Bess now doesn't want me to go to the city to work."

"Are you thinking of going?" quickly asked Mandy Spencer.

"Yes—that is, Ed said he could get me a position if—"

Mandy dropped her sewing, and with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, said vehemently: "Please don't go, then, Phil—for Bess' sake and mine."

"Why—what?"

"Well, because—we'll miss you, and then you'll be happier here. Ed is not doing as well as you think, and—"

"I'm not sure of that. He seemed to have plenty of money with him last week. But I suppose he gave it to you for a birthday present."

"Birthday present? Oh, did you remember that my birthday was last week? I'm so glad. I thought—"

Mandy bent over her work and made no reply. She was too loyal to make any confession that would reflect upon her brother.

When they parted a few minutes later, she took Phil's hand, and said earnestly: "Please do not leave Bess—and me. We should miss you so much, Phil."

Phil walked home in an uncertain state of mind. Somehow his desire to go to the city cooled down, and the sight of two anxious faces made him hesitate.

"Ed is about as selfish as ever," he acknowledged. "A fellow with all of his money who doesn't remember his own sister's birthday is a good deal of a—"

He didn't finish the sentence, but he knew pretty well in his own mind what he meant. Suddenly he stopped in his walk. A strangely unpleasant thought occurred to him. Was he also selfish and thoughtless because he ignored Bess' wishes and desires? No; a boy had to make his way in the world—even if he did sacrifice the old homestead.

Phil deferred writing his letter to Ed for a full week. Then something happened that made it unnecessary. In one of the city papers there was a small news item tucked away in a corner that greatly excited the people living in Greenville. It was no less than an account of the arrest of Ed Spencer for robbing his employer.

The details of the case were not given, but one could read on the surface the old story of temptation, weakness and final failure. Phil's heart nearly stopped beating. He could not show the paragraph to Bess, and in his heart he hoped that no one in Greenville would see it.

But this was a foolish wish, for within twenty-four hours the news had spread all over the village and the farming section. Phil thought of Mandy. How would Bess take it if he were the prisoner?

"Oh, Phil, suppose it had been you!" exclaimed Bess, when she heard the news. Then, blushing deeply, she threw

her arms around his neck and stammered: "But of course I know it couldn't have been you."

Nevertheless she sobbed rather nervously for a few minutes, until Phil was tempted to say:

"I don't know, Bess, I—I might have fallen, too. Who knows?"

"No, no," protested Bess loyally.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "I'm going over to see Mandy," was the reply.

Without further explanation of his sudden resolve he walked across the fields until he reached the Spencer home. Without waiting for any formality, Phil entered and caught the girl curled up in a heap, with her sewing scattered in a hopeless mass around her.

"Mandy," he said softly.

She raised dull, red eyes to his.

"Mandy," he repeated, "I'm going to the city."

"Oh, Phil!" she cried.

"I'm going," he continued, "to see what I can do for Ed. Then I'm coming home to stay."

"If Ed had only stayed," she moaned. "He will come back—in time," Phil replied.

The girl raised her head and laughed hysterically. "Yes; now he will come home," she said wildly, "and nobody will have anything to do with him. He won't be able to get work again, and we shall have to move away."

Phil twisted his hat nervously, but his voice was clear and firm when he spoke. "He will always be the same to me, Mandy, and if—if he'll work on the old farm with me, he'll never lack employment. I'm going to stay on it, and keep Ed, too. Maybe in the end it will be a good thing for both of us. We'll make better farmers for the—the—the experience."

Something like a hopeful expression entered the stricken girl's eyes.

"Phil—if you could bring him home now, I—know they're not going to prosecute him. Mr. Barrows has discharged him, but he will not have him imprisoned for the—the—"

"I understand," Phil replied. "I shall bring him home right away, and we'll run the farm together."

The door suddenly opened and Bess appeared on the threshold.

"Bess!"

And the two girls were sobbing in each other's arms. Phil looked on with wet eyes, and then whistled softly.

"I guess," he said finally, "with two such sisters, Ed and I ought to keep straight. If we don't, we deserve something worse than a thrashing, and I'll be the one to do the licking."

"Why, Phil, what are you saying?" demanded Bess, wiping her eyes. "You've been talking to yourself while we—we were—"

"Acting like two silly school girls," prompted Phil. "But I'm off now! I'm going to the city, Bess—going at last."

"To stay?" demurely asked Bess.

"Until I can bring Ed home," responded Phil, as he pulled the door softly shut behind him.—Country Gentleman.

## A BIT TOO SHREWD.

One Venture in Which the Captain Overreached Himself.

One of Uncle Sam's customs officials, noted for his success in unmasking smugglers, said the other day in a discussion of a custom's officer's duties:

"One must be shrewd, but not too shrewd; otherwise one overreaches oneself, like Captain Harrow of Islesborough."

"Captain Harrow of Islesborough was trading at Key West in a small vessel. Business took him up the coast to Tampa Bay, and he bought twenty dozen chickens from a farmer at \$4 a dozen."

"The chickens were all sizes—some a few days old and no bigger than canary birds; some fat and large, like turkey gobblers. The captain expected to make a lot of money out of them. He was very shrewd at a trade."

"Well, at Key West a hotel man came aboard and looked the chickens over."

"They are fine birds," he said. "How much?"

"If you pick them out yourself," said Captain Harrow shrewdly, "I'll have to charge you \$6 a dozen. If I pick them out, I can let you have them for \$3."

"All right. You pick them out," said the hotel man.

"Captain Harrow picked out a dozen chickens of the canary bird size."

"Here you are, twelve prime broilers," he said, with a leer.

"Go ahead," said the hotel man calmly; "another dozen."

"The next dozen was of necessity larger."

"Go on," said the hotel man. "Keep on picking them out."

"And the third dozen was larger still. The captain looked at his patron anxiously.

"Keep right on."

"The next dozen was fine and plump, and the next comprised the biggest and fattest of the chickens.

"Keep right on picking them out, captain."

"Then at last Captain Harrow saw how he had overreached himself. The hotel man bought his whole lot of chickens at \$3, and thus the captain lost on the speculation \$20 in cash, to say nothing of feed and labor."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chivalry Is Not Dead.



## General Debility

Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions. In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

### To Pickle Fish.

In reply to an inquirer, an old shad fisherman had preserved many barrels of fish as follows: Dress the fish, splitting clear through to the backbone the entire length and removing the backbone if you wish. Wash off the blood, and put down a layer of salt and a layer of fish, so that the layers of fish will not touch one another. Do not put in any water; the shad "make their own brine," as the fisherman expresses it.

### Stuffed Ham.

Freshen the ham, if necessary, by soaking over night in cold water. When ready to cook, cover with fresh, cold water, and heat slowly to the boiling point. Simmer until tender, remove from the fire and cool in the water in which it was cooked. When sufficiently cool to handle, remove the skin and the bone and fill the cavity with stuffing. Tie securely and sprinkle the fat with fine cracker crumbs and sugar. Bake for one hour in a hot oven. Serve either hot or cold.

### Meat Delicacy.

For a real roast with raisins take three pounds, roast a nice brown in butter, add hot water and salt, and cook. Within one hour of serving add one and one-half cups vinegar sweetened with sugar, three-quarters cup washed raisins about ten flowers of cloves. When done, remove meat, thicken gravy with a little cornstarch dissolved in water and serve.

When people look for trouble, some sort of esoteric intuition leads them right to the spot.

That suppressed excitement in agricultural circles grows out of two startling facts. Long Island farmers have organized a potato trust, and a California Chinaman has produced an odorless onion.

# S.S.S. CURES MALARIA

Malaria is due to impurities and poisons in the blood. Instead of being rich, strong and healthy, the circulation has become infected with germs of disease which destroy the rich, red corpuscles that furnish nourishment and strength to the body, and reduced this vital fluid to such a weak, watery condition that it is no longer able to keep the system in health, or ward off the countless diseases and disorders that assail it. The loss of these red corpuscles takes the color and glow of health from the cheek, and we see pale, sallow faces and washed out, chalky complexions among the first symptoms of Malaria. But Malaria is a general systemic disease, and as the blood becomes more heavily loaded with its germs we have more serious and complicated symptoms; the impure blood having its effect on all parts of the body. The appetite fails, digestion is weakened, chills and slight fever are frequent, and the sufferer loses energy and ambition because of a constant tired-out and "no account" feeling. The lack of necessary nourishment and healthful qualities in the blood causes boils and abscesses, skin affections, and in some cases sores and ulcers to break out, and sometimes the patient is prostrated with a spell of malarial fever which may leave his health permanently impaired. To cure Malaria both a blood purifier and tonic are necessary, in order to remove the cause and at the same time build up the system from its weakened and run-down condition. S. S. S. is the medicine best fitted for this work. It is the most perfect of all blood purifiers, and the purely vegetable ingredients of which it is composed make it the greatest and safest of all tonics. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and removes every trace of impurity or poison, and at the same time gives to the blood the health-sustaining qualities it needs. It cures Malaria thoroughly and permanently because it removes the germs and poisons which produce the disease, and while doing this tones up and strengthens every part of the system. When S. S. S. has cleansed the blood the symptoms pass away, the healthy color returns to the complexion, the old tired, depressed feeling is gone, and the entire health is renewed. Book with information about Malaria and any medical advice free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

# Malthoid Roofing

Conscientiously made to build trade—used in every part of the civilized world—respected and appreciated under every climatic condition. Made to give satisfaction and does. Insist on Malthoid—it's the right and proper roofing for all buildings—made by the original makers of ready roofings—

The Paraffine Paint Co. NEW YORK  
SAN FRANCISCO  
Seattle Office 408 Occidental Ave. W. L. Rhoads

### Lampwick Hook.

Considerable difficulty is frequently experienced in applying a new wick to a lamp burner, owing to the fact that the material of which the wick is formed is not sufficiently stiff to enable it to be readily passed through the burner tube. To obviate this difficulty a Wyoming man has designed an implement for drawing the wick through the tube.

LAMP WICK.

As shown in the accompanying illustration. At one end is a finger piece, and at the other, prongs for engaging the wick. In using the device the pronged end of the implement is thrust through the tube of the burner and the end of the wick attached to the prongs. A pull on the handle draws the wick into the tube, after which it can be readily pulled through.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.  
WERNER & TATUM, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
WALDRON, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No woman would ever agree to the proposition of not saying anything until she had something to say.

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, 14, Kilmorck St., Phila., Pa.

Perhaps that Ontario hen that laid its egg at the bottom of a well was advised to lay low.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Rosette, the Paris swindler, was once a waiter. The processes of evolution are slow, but sure.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Mme. Gould says she has had all the matrimony she wants. She ought to remember, however, that there are some much better brands than the kind she tried.

## Does Your Heart Beat

Yes, 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Purgative substances are then absorbed into the blood. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

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Cross Panel fir doors only \$1.50, the world's standard door.

Two-light house windows, size of glass 24 x 28, only \$1.08.

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is of a light cream color, easy to handle and perfectly odorless. It is thoroughly water proof and is the strongest, best and cheapest sheathing paper on the market.

Get a sample at your dealer's also of A 1 Black Building Paper, acid and water proof.

### Caramels.

One quarter of a pound of chocolate, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one tumblerful of milk or cream. Put all together and let them melt. Boil for twenty minutes, pour on buttered dishes and before quite cold cut in small squares with a sharp knife. After taking off the saucers add half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Be careful not to take the caramels off the fire until they are cooked. Test by dropping a little in cold water.

## Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

### TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Undeceived.



Prayer without practice is mere prattle.

Whisky as medicine means whisky as master. The atheist is the apostle of anarchy in moral law. The most contagious diseases are those of the heart.

They only find rest to their souls who will toll for souls.

Personal theocracy makes perfect political democracy.

The only dangerous atheism is that of the heart and life.

The man who starts to go nowhere will usually get there.

He who boasts of a good deed shows that he is not used to them.

There is a great difference between faith in the fact of a god, and faith in God.

There is no capacity for God's joy in the heart until it has emptied itself on others.

It would be a sorry world if God had left us out of His plans, the way we leave Him out of ours.

### LEST HE FORGET.

Captain John W. Russell, of Bristol, Rhode Island, a seaman of the eighteenth century, was described by a contemporary as "a man who was as brave as he was gentle; a man who loved his friends and did his duty in life faithfully." In "The Romance of an Old-Time Shipmaster," edited by Ralph D. Paine, there are many evidences of Captain Russell's wisdom. In his journal he records the following decision and memorandum to guard against carelessness:

Having mentioned our frequent ineffectual attempts to take Fish, and knowing that my own carelessness was the cause of that failure, having felt the effects of that Careless Inattention in several instances already since I left home, I have thought best to make a memorandum of such things as now escaped my memory that I may provide for the deficiency when preparing for any future voyage, thereby making the best use of present misconduct, by holding it up as a beacon, and a warning to avoid the like in time to come.

MEMORANDUM FOR CAPT. RUSSELL. Never leave Home for sea, at any season, but especially at the first of April, without taking woolen mittens with you, as you severely felt the want of them this time.

Never leave three hats in the Hatter's shop and one in the Garret and go to sea with only the one on your head, lest, as in the present case, by losing that one, you should be reduced to a silk handkerchief turban.

Never leave your fishing lines in the Garret to hang clothes on, and go to sea without any, lest when the fish come round, and you have nothing to catch them with, you should fret more than they are worth.

Never leave Gimblets and other such tools at home, the want of them at sea is often more than ten times their value.

This Memm. will doubtless be enlarged in the course of the voyage.

### Puzzle of the Hour.

An Ohio woman had a trying experience the other day. She had been in the habit of going to the hair-dresser's every little while to have her hair looked after—just as many a woman does who goes to a hair-dresser—but one day she decided that she might as well shampoo her own hair and save that much.

She allowed her great mass of hair to fall down into the stationary washbowl while she broke an egg—strictly fresh—over her crown—no, the egg was all right—and her personally conducted shampoo promised to be a great success. But when she went to gather up her overhanging locks from the hot water she made a discovery. The hot water in which part of her hair was immersed had caused the egg to harden right there in her hair, and they do say she had her troubles getting it all removed.

And now she's wondering over this technical point—whether the egg was boiled or poached or scrambled, or merely fried in hair oil. The question would puzzle most anyone.

### Hurry.

To our own age belongs the credit of having raised hurry from the degraded position of a disease to that of a commercial process. Formerly hurry simply brought people to an early grave, with nothing to show for it, whereas now it is become the means of transforming peace of mind, which is a solemn, to say the best of it, into ready money. Hurry has grown to be a great fact in life. Even the fashions take account of it until women are found doing up their hair in such a way that they may go the speed limit without fear of its coming down. And the best of hurry is that it is its own sufficient justification. Nobody expects hurry to have any particular reason behind it any more.—R. B. in New York Life.

How angry the ringing of the telephone makes a woman when she is busy watching the actions of another woman from behind the window curtains!

## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1621—Plymouth colony concluded treaty with the Indians.

1628—Plans for the Massachusetts colony completed.

1676—Attack on Groton, Mass., by Indians.

1709—The anemometer, a measurer of the strength and velocity of the wind invented by Wolfius.

1776—American Congress issued letters of marque and reprisal against England.

1777—British force landed at Peekskill and seized the military stores.

1779—Gen. Benedict Arnold resigned his command in the American army.

1781—The planet Uranus discovered by Herschel.

1788—Large section of New Orleans destroyed by fire.

1801—Kingdom of Etruria created by Napoleon.

1804—Duke of Enghien shot by order of Napoleon.

1815—Military operations on land in the war between the United States and Great Britain came to an end.

1822—The United States acknowledged the independence of the South American government.

1831—The celebrated bill for parliamentary reform read for the first time in the British House of Commons.

1836—Texans and Mexicans engaged in battle near Goliad, Texas.

1842—Montreal Board of Trade incorporated.

1855—First train passed over Niagara bridge....Investigating committee reported that the Kansas elections were carried by fraud.

1858—Lucknow captured by the British force under Sir Colin Campbell.... Senate passed a bill to admit Kansas as a State under the Lecompton constitution.

1861—Kingdom of Italy established.... Title of King of Italy conferred upon Victor Emmanuel.

1864—Gen. Grant assumed command of all the armies of the Union.

1865—Gen. Sherman arrived at Goldsboro and joined the armies under Gen. Schofield and Gen. Terry.... Confederates attacked Gen. Slocum's division of Sherman's army near Bentonville, N. C.

1867—Cession of Russian America to the United States.

1868—The High Court of Impeachment opened for the trial of President Johnson.

1871—Insurrection broke out among the troops in Paris.

1881—Alexander II. of Russia killed by the explosion of a bomb thrown by Nihilists.

1882—Many lives lost by earthquake in Costa Rica.

1891—Steamer Utopia sunk in collision off Gibraltar with loss of nearly 600 lives.

1894—Walter Wellman Arctic expedition sailed from New York.

1900—Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein.

1907—Great floods in Pittsburgh: water the highest in seventy years.... American marines landed in Honduras.

NUBBINS OF FARM NEWS.

Montana stockmen are preparing for extra heavy shipments of cattle to the early markets. The excellent condition in which the cattle went through the winter is the cause.

Register Schmit of the Helena, Mont. State land office, has deposited \$192,710 as a result of a half month's business in the sale of State lands. The money is placed to the credit of the State educational institutions.

At Iowa Falls, Iowa, action has been brought against the Peterson Heat, Light and Water Company, a Des Moines company, doing business in Iowa Falls, and, to force the company to furnish electric lights to two or three farmers living along the high tension line between the two places.

At a durum wheat convention in Grand Forks, N. D., composed of delegates from various commercial clubs of North Dakota, resolutions were unanimously adopted in which it was set forth that millers and elevator men have been unjustly discriminating against durum wheat in the matter of price, and it was recommended that durum wheat growers organize by counties to protect their own interests.

J. L. Cashel was elected president of the association to promote the interest of durum wheat, and T. R. Atkinson of Bismarck was made secretary.

During the past winter the State of Minnesota had section 26, in Itasca Park cleared of dead and down timber. The contractor hauled 800,000 feet, which sold for \$11 per thousand.

The La Crosse County (Wis.) Agricultural Association, operating the county fair, voted to donate the fair grounds to the State for the establishment of an agricultural school and domestic science department. John Berg of Holman was elected president of the association. An appropriation of \$11,000 will be made by the county supervisors to assure the establishment of the school.

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# ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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## JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of  
commercial job printing, and reason-  
able prices will be furnished upon  
application.

## SHALL WE WAKE UP?

In the proposition of the Astoria  
and Portland business men to co-  
operate with the business men of  
Alaska in establishing a steamship  
line from the Columbia River to  
Alaskan ports, we have an oppor-  
tunity of being relieved from that  
of which Alaska has been clamor-  
ing for a long time, viz: Excessive  
freight rates. But will we take ad-  
vantage of it?

For having freight shipped 8,500  
miles across the Pacific Ocean, the  
mercantile men of Japan and other  
Oriental countries pay \$2 per ton,  
while Alaskans pay \$8, or more,  
for having freight carried less than  
1,000 miles. It requires over eight  
weeks to make the voyage and re-  
turn across the ocean, while the  
round trip from Seattle to Skagway  
is made in ten days. Taking four  
times as much per ton, and six  
trips to one, we are paying, in pro-  
portion, twenty-four times as much  
freight tariff as we should be. There  
must be an Ethiopian in the shrub-  
bery somewhere, and we believe  
that it is the knowledge of the  
steamship companies now operat-  
ing from the Sound to Alaska that  
they have a cinch on the business,  
and that the Alaskan people have  
not got sufficient "sand in their  
crawls" to use efforts to effect any  
kind of a change. They also know  
that there is no united effort on the  
part of Alaska business men, and  
that they will not work together  
for relief.

If the business men of Alaska  
would join hands and work together  
for the common good, a new line  
would be established, and a consid-  
erable reduction of freight rates  
would inevitably ensue. This is  
just what we want. Now, will the  
business men of Alaska continue  
to allow the big steamship com-  
panies bleed them, or will they  
grasp golden opportunity by the  
hand without delay?

Alaskan business is not going  
begging, and if we can get a rate  
war opened up between rival ship  
companies; it will result in lower  
freight rates and consequent lower  
prices to consumers. The business  
men owe the serious consideration  
of this fact to the people to whom  
they look for patronage. And they  
should bear in mind also that the  
lower prices at which they could  
sell goods as a result of lower rates  
for freight, would abate the mail  
order house nuisance to a marked  
degree, leaving much of the money  
that now goes to eastern houses in  
circulation at home.

The proposers of the new line do  
not ask Alaska to lay out a single  
penny; but they do want—and it  
is nothing but good business—the  
assurance that if the new line is  
put on they will get a share of the  
business. They ask each town to  
appoint some person to confer with  
them on July 4, with a view to as-  
certaining what can be done in this  
regard.

Such a line has been projected  
several times, but this time it has  
more of the business ring than ever  
before; and we can ill afford to let  
it pass. In our opinion it would

be wise for the Chamber of Com-  
merce of each Alaskan town to be  
convened in extraordinary session  
for the purpose of naming, each, a  
man to interview the home shippers  
and ascertain their views in plenty  
of time to prepare a report to make  
at the meeting on July 4.

Now, has Wrangell paid the big  
corporations enough tribute, and  
will we continue to "grin and bear"  
their excessive and outrageous  
charges, or will we send a man to  
the Astoria meeting to assure the  
promoters of the new line a good  
share of the business?

We shall see!

## QUITTERS

John Wanamaker once said: "If  
there is one enterprise that a quit-  
ter should leave severely alone, it  
is advertising. To make a success  
one must stick to advertising like  
a barnacle on a ship bottom. He  
should know before he begins that  
he must spend money—lots of it.  
Somebody should tell him, also,  
that he can not hope to reap re-  
sults commensurate with his ex-  
penditures early in the game. Ad-  
vertising doesn't jerk—it pulls. It  
begins very gently at first, but the  
pull is steady. It increases day by  
day and year by year, until it ex-  
erts an irresistible power. It is  
likened to a team pulling a heavy  
load. A thousand spasmodic, jerky  
pulls will not budge the load, while  
one half the power exerted in  
steady effort will start and keep it  
moving."

Those are the words of a man  
who accredited his fortune to the  
fact that he made good use of  
printer's ink. Will any smaller  
merchant presume to say that they  
are not true?

## WOULD YOU OR WOULD YOU NOT?

Say, Mr. Business Man: Suppose  
that you had four blocks to walk  
from your home to your business,  
and at one corner was a savage  
dog that bit a chunk out of your  
leg every time you passed. Would  
you continue going that route, or  
would you walk one block further  
and escape the dog? It is a safe  
bet that you would walk the extra  
block, isn't it?

Now, suppose that you had been  
shipping freight by a monopolistic  
concern that "bit an \$8 chunk" out  
of your revenues for every ton of  
freight from Seattle, and that by  
assuring an Astoria steamship line  
a portion of your business you  
could get a reduced rate. Would  
you, or would you not, continue to  
ship by the company that had been  
"bleeding" you?

Our guess is that if you have an  
eye to business, you would make a  
change "instantly and to once." This  
is the situation now. Will you  
embrace the opportunity?

An exchange truly says Francis  
J. Heney, the special prosecutor  
for the government in the notori-  
ous land fraud cases in Oregon  
some time ago, and who later cov-  
ered himself with a blaze of glory  
by his relentless prosecution of the  
San Francisco grafters, is no longer  
the idol of the public and the envy  
of the legal world. The public lost  
confidence in Francis; they be-  
lieved him insincere. Behind his  
almost immaculate attire they saw,  
or believed they saw, another man;  
they were being double-dealt with.  
The man who a few short months  
ago was the synonure of all eyes in  
the California metropolis is now  
barely noticed. Stranger than fic-  
tion is the way of the world.

For the reasons that in grown up  
people it is extremely silly, and in  
children an indication of impudence  
and poor breeding, troublesome to  
mothers with nervous babies, and  
very disagreeable to sick persons,  
in all towns and cities which lay  
any claim to being advanced and  
civilized, the jay custom of making  
every wedding the occasion for a  
charivari and drunken debauch  
has been cut short by ordinance.  
The custom still obtains, however,  
out in the hills and backwoods,  
where they don't know any better,  
and where Sal sucks one end of a  
stick of striped candy while Si  
sucks the other end.

The new Alaska game law, a

part of which is published in an-  
other column, effects quite a differ-  
ence in this section. It opens the  
season for killing buck deer from  
April 1st to the first of the follow-  
ing February, leaving only Febru-  
ary and March as a closed season.  
Now, if congress will kindly enact  
a law providing permission for the  
sale of such deer skins as have been  
brought in on the carcass and  
stamped by a some federal officer,  
many skins that are now wasted  
could be utilized.

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